Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. BRATTY.

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OFFICE in the South West angle of the public Square, back of the Court-House

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Fifty cents a year IN ADVANCE.
Two Dollars, if paid within the year.
One Dollar for six months.
These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements, making fifteen lines or less, will be charged at the rate of Fifty cents for one insertion,—three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One Column, with the paper, for one year,	$25
Half a column, do. do.	$13
Two Squares, with quarterly changes,	$10
Business Cards, with the paper,	$5

JOB PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Such as Handbills, Blanks, Circulars and every other description of Printing, executed handsomely and expeditiously, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

Cards.

JOSEPH KNOX,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (late of Pittsburg, Pa.,) will practice in the Courts of Cumberland and the adjoining counties. Office on West High street, next door to J. Hamilton, Esq.
Carlisle, October 8, 1845.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few doors below J. H. Graham, Esq.
July 16, 1845.

CHARLES B. PENROSE,
Late Solicitor of the Treasury of the United States,

WILL practice Law in the several Courts of Lancaster County. Office in South Queen Street, lately occupied by John R. Montgomery, Esq.
June 18, 1845.

DR I. C. LOOMIS,
DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as *Scaling, Filing, Plugging*, &c., or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full sett. OFFICE on Pitt street, a few doors South of the Railroad Hotel.

N. B. Dr. Loomis will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days, in each month.
June 11, 1846.

DOCTOR A. D. LIPPE,
Homeopathic Physician.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.
Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

FARMERS LOOKHERE!

I HAVE just received a lot of Pouty and Mears' celebrated centre draught

Self-Sharpening PLOUGHS,

which I will sell at Philadelphia prices, with the addition of the freight.
April 30. WM. B. MURRAY.

NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of MYERS & HAVERSTICK, are requested to make settlement, as it is necessary that all outstanding accounts be immediately settled. The books are in the hands of
S. W. HAVERSTICK.
Carlisle, July 15, 1846.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

THE subscriber, having a large supply of fine clear ICE, will be able to supply families and others with this desirable article during the coming season, on the most moderate terms.
MARY WEAKLEY.
March 25, 1846.

SMITH COAL.

FOR Blacksmiths use, together with Pine Grove and Lyken's Valley Coal, kept constantly on hand and will be sold at the lowest possible price for Cash, at the Warehouse of
Nov. 5, 1845, WM. B. MURRAY.

Cantrell's Anti-Dyspeptic Powders.

CANTRALL'S Anti-Dyspeptic Powder, a remedy whose efficacy has been tested for several years, and whose employment has met with unparalelled success in alleviating and curing permanently, those innumerable and perplexing symptoms attendant upon that universally known disease—Dyspepsia. For sale only at the Drug Store of June 3. Stevenson & Mehaffey.

LARD LAMPS.

A beautiful assortment of Cornelius' Lard Lamps, of every size and price, with a full supply of extra shades and chimneys, just received and for sale cheap, at the Drug and Book store of
May 20. S. W. Haverstick.

DOCTOR MYERS,

INFORMS his friends that he has just returned from the cities and is now opening the largest assortment of

DRUGS, BOOKS,
OILS, STATIONARY,
AND

Innumerable Fancy Articles, ever brought to Carlisle, which he will sell at prices so low, as to ASTONISH those who are curious in that way.—Just call for the amusement of the thing.
June 8, 1846.

Harper's Pictorial Bible.
NOTICE.

THE subscriber being aware of the completion of Harper's Pictorial Bible, will be able to Bind them for any of the subscribers who may favor him with the Job, with the promise to do the work in a neat and substantial manner, and at a reasonable rate.
JAMES LOUDON.
Carlisle, July 1, 1846.

LADIES' FANCY GAITERS.

A LOT of beautiful fancy full and half Gaiters, price varying from 87½ to $1 25, just received and for sale by GRAY & SON.

HAMS.

PRIME SUGAR CURED HAMS, & Dried Beef, just received and for sale cheap, by
June 24. G. R. CROOKS.

MACKEREL.

NO. 1 and 2 Mackerel, by the barrel or half, for sale by G. R. CROOKS.

FRESH FRUITS.

JUST RECEIVED, a fresh supply of Fruits, such as Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Raisins and Pine Apples, and for sale by G. R. CROOKS.
June 24.

CHOCOLATE.

BAKERS' No. 1 Chocolate, and C. J. Fell's Homœopathic do. For sale by
July 15. G. R. Crooks.

Attention, all who desire Bargains!

DAVID R. ARNOLD has reduced the prices of his Stock of Dry Goods, as he wishes to reduce his stock to make room for his Fall and Winter Supply. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves.
Carlisle, August 26, 1846.

Poetry.

Selected for the Carlisle Herald & Expositor.

EVENING HYMN.

BY C. M. F. DREMS.

Air—"Oh in the Stilly Night."

Come! 'tis the hour to bow,
And while devoutly kneeling,
Rich be our spirits now
In every holy feeling.
Our joys and tears,
Our hopes and fears,
For Heaven be meekly spoken:
While faith looks up
To Christ our hope,
Whose heart for us was broken.
Come! 'tis the hour, &c.

Look to the holy mount!
While night all sound is hushing,
Forth from the spirit's fount
Devotion's streams be gushing.
And when cold death
Shall chill the breath
In which our prayers are swelling,
We'll join the hymn
Of cherubim
In God's eternal dwelling.
Come! 'tis the hour, &c.

[Suggested by the fate of a sweet girl who died five months after her marriage-day.]

EARLY WED—EARLY DEAD.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

A voice of laughter—a voice of glee!
Among the maidens, who happy as she?
By love's enchantment her thrilling breast
Is wildly, witchingly, over-blest;
And gushing joys, like the sun in May,
Enliven the noon of her bridal-day.

A voice of weeping—a voice of woe!
In shroud and coffin they lay her low:
The true, and loving and youthful wife
Hath pass'd away to another life;
And sorrow falleth, like Winter's gloom,
On him who weepeth beside her tomb.

What heaven hath taken is lost on earth:
A new-made angel, of mortal birth,
Is led with hymns to the world of bliss.
Yet sounds of mourning are heard in this,
Fond hearts! like her be fitted to die,
And ye shall meet her again on high.

Miscellaneous.

SCENES OF THE WAR.

From the Matamoros Flag.

Monterey.

As the Army of Occupation has commenced its advance upon the interior of Mexico, by pursuing the Rio Grande up as high as Camargo, both by land and water, and as this will be the place where a permanent depot will be established, and from which the advancing army will leave the Rio Grande when it takes up its general march upon Monterey, it will naturally hold a conspicuous place in the estimation of the American people. Camargo is situated immediately upon the banks of the San Juan River, three miles from its junction with the Rio Grande. It is a small, rudely constructed village, with some few stone buildings, many built of mud bricks dried in the sun, some constructed by driving stakes into the ground, and then plastering them with mud, and others formed of cane and plastered in like manner. The number of inhabitants will not exceed two thousand: but as the Mexican Government has never thought her population worthy of enumeration, no positive statement can be made of the population of any of their towns. The late extraordinary rise of the Rio Grande has caused the San Juan to back up and literally inundate Camargo, to the great damage of houses and other property; also to the sacrifice of several lives

Camargo may be considered the head of navigation, as above here the bed of the river is so filled up with rocks that its navigation higher up has never been attempted. The road upon leaving Camargo and crossing the San Juan, becomes higher and less obstructed by swampy grounds, and it then becomes an important inquiry what other obstacles may present themselves in the distance between this place and Monterey, which is 210 miles. The road passes through a level country, thickly set with a small underwood, the largest number being ebony and the musquite, neither of which grow to the height of more than 12 or 15 feet, and 12 to 14 inches in diameter. So dense is this undergrowth, armies of 10,000 men each, might march for half a day within a mile of each other without the vicinity of one to the other being known.

The literal meaning of *Monterey* is the *King's Woods*; but to those who have been raised in a heavily timbered country, it would seem more appropriate to call it a grove of brush. It is a common saying with Texans who have travelled through the forest, that "it's so d—d thick you can't shove a Bowie knife into it." And what may appear somewhat singular, every brush and shrub is armed with thorns curved in the shape of fishhooks, and the bold they take upon the clothes and skin of travellers is not easily shaken off, as the jackets of the soldiery will testify to before they reach Monterey.

The whole distance is well watered from August until March, plenty of wood, reasonable pasture, many heads of cattle, numerous flocks of sheep and goats, now and then a small village—which all have the appearance of decay. Scattered along the roads are miserable huts, singularly picturesque from their original construction, not quite equal to rail-pen stables built in the backwoods of Arkansas and Texas for scrub ponies.—Yet Nature, in her mighty formations, has formed some positions on this road, which, if taken advantage of by a skillful and daring enemy, would prove a second Thermopylæ to those who might have the temerity to tread these formidable passes. The American army will no doubt look ahead before entering these dangerous and shady pavilions. The mazes of the labyrinth are beautifully pictured out by meandering paths and conflicting cross-roads, leading to the farmer's hut, some watering place, or the wily lure of some Mexican bandit.

When within fifteen leagues of Monterey, the village of Cañeretes presents itself, enjoying the most lovely situation, standing upon a most perfectly level plain surrounded with green groves, presenting everlasting summer, the fields blessed with natural fertility. The beholder involuntary exclaims, Why should a Mexican toil or labor?

It is not indispensable that the army should pass through Cañerete, as there are other roads by which Monterey can be approached, but we mention this route, as supplies can be obtained in Cañerete, and the direction is nearest a straight line. Immediately upon leaving this place, you enter again those shady, winding pavilions, and continue in them until within sight of Monterey. Many little streams and rivulets intersect the road, and some muddy lanes, which at times become impassable, so that the army will be fortunate if able to proceed in files of six deep; but as the near vicinity to Monterey is somewhat opened, owing to the many fields, a small digression might be made to the right, and intersect the road that comes from the mouth of *el Canon de Salinas*, it being the most open road of the two. The creek that washes the south-east side of Monterey runs between these two roads, the fields forming a border on either side. The road that leads from Caiderete, when within a mile of Monterey, has the appearance of a small village, the houses being so numerous. Passing through this seeming village, and arriving upon the bank of the creek, you have Monterey in view on the opposite side, presenting a very handsome appearance. The city is regularly laid out, the streets, avenues and squares are shaded with numerous fruit and other trees, and the houses generally exhibiting much taste and regularity in their construction. The city is well watered, and every thing about it strikes the beholder as grand and beautiful. A passing view of the city would convey the idea of a large population, but a close inspection will show its large, castle-like edifices, sometimes occupying a whole square, sheltering but the members and servants of a single family; therefore, from observation, we should not give the city a population of more than 6,000 souls, and it is doubtful whether it is even so great.

Cast the eye beyond Monterey, and the sublime presents itself in lofty upreared pyramids of adamantine stone, tinged with a crimson red, where the creeping vine cannot be found, and where the cedar and pine—children of the Alpine heights—have never dared to rear their heads—the sides and summits of these vast mountains presenting nothing to view but the bare and glistening stone; but in whose bosom lie concealed shining beds of pure silver, and sparkling beds of virgin gold.

In the midway distance, rise numerous table mounds, commanding the town and all the entrances from the Northeast. Upon one of these commanding positions the devoted people endeavored to raise a temple or dwelling for their bishop, but their zeal was greater than their means, and the structure remains unfinished. If the Mexicans could could withstand the double-dealing havoc of an American charge, here might they plant the colors of their unfortunate country, and reap some of the laurels awarded to Leonidas, or perhaps faintly portray in miniature the dazzling chivalry of those devoted heroes who fell battling upon the ramparts of the ever-to-be-remembered Alamo.

The main road passes through the principal street of the city from North to South, and as you leave the last houses, the road begins to ascend, and passes along at the foot of many of those table mounds. The river runs upon the East side of the town, the houses extending down to its very margin. Upon the West side rise perpendicular mountains, one mile in height.

From the Flag of the 30 instant.

FROM CAMARGO.—We are indebted to the politeness of a gentleman, who arrived from Camargo on Thursday, for the following information: Gen. Worth, immediately upon his arrival there, commenced making preparations for receiving and locating the main body of the army as fast as they should arrive. All the houses unoccupied by families were taken possession of, to be used as military storehouses. Very few buildings suited to such purposes were to be found in the place, the overflow of the river having left scarcely one large building standing. More than one-third of the buildings in the town were entirely washed away. In some of the streets the water is said to have been from eight to ten feet deep. The whole town was inundated and every house received more or less injury. Very few of the inhabitants left the place on the approach of the U. States troops, and between them and the inhabitants a much better feeling exists than was evinced in Matamoras. The population of Camargo have always been friendly disposed toward Americans, and have permitted them to reside in the town and travel to and from Corpus Christi, at their pleasure, before and since the commencement of hostilities. A new town is about being laid off on the east side of the Rio Grande, opposite Camargo, and the beauty of the prospect is, that the site of the proposed town is owned by a young American, H. Clay Davis, a resident of Corpus Christi last winter, who has obtained, by marriage with a Mexican lady of Camargo, a very large tract of land fronting on the river, which, from its location, being at the head of navigation, and on the American side of the Rio Grande, will ere long prove a princely fortune to him. The new town is already attracting attention, and we hear of several merchants, formerly doing business at Corpus Christi, who intend settling there immediately. The health of the troops at Camargo was good, and the place is said to be healthy throughout the summer, when persons are not too much exposed to the rays of the sun.

From the Matamoras Flag, July 10.

NEW MEXICO—THE DESTINATION OF GEN. KEARNEY'S EXPEDITION.—The territory of New Mexico lies North of the 26th parallel of latitude, and its greatest length, from North to South, is 700 miles; from east to west its boundary has never been circumscribed within the limits of certainty. Its geographical position is remarkably singular; the Rio Grande passes through it, nearly in a central line, from North to South. Its whole entire surface is a succession of mountains, rising in majestic splendor to that giddy height where even the cedar and pine can retain no foothold, their conic heads covered with the white veil of perpetual snow. The inhabitants live in the deep valleys and upon the margin of the Rio Grande. Villages on the river are situated in its different bends, where a sufficiency of bottom lands are left for the purposes of agriculture. The greatest extent occupied by settlements is three hundred miles in length and one hundred in width; the population, taken collectively, is about fifty thousand.

The first village in the North is *el Pueblo de Taos*, which gives name to the valley in which it is situated. The original inhabitants are Indians, and known by the name of *Pueblos*. They were in possession of the country when the Spaniards first visited Mexico, and they have remained until the present time. When the Spaniards extended their dominion over this Indian country, by the aid of Gospel missionaries, they found those Pueblo Indians friendly, honest, and industrious, brave and confiding, endowed with great natural good sense—neighbors to be conciliated, but not subdued.

The Pueblo of Taos is immediately at the foot of the West side of the first ridge of the Rocky Mountains. There is a small stream that issues from a ravine, flows out into a valley, and eventually mixes its waters with the Rio Grande, which separates the two departments.

* * * * * * * * *

Santa Fe is the capital of New Mexico. It is a small, and inconsiderable village in its most prosperous days never having had a population of more than 2,000, and it is now upon the decline. It is situated twenty miles from the Rio Grande, upon the East side. It is owing to an extensive commerce with the State of Mississippi and the gold mines in the vicinity, that has given Santa Fe a name abroad. From Santa Fe a large wagon road winds around through the valleys, and emerges out into the plains before reaching Red River. Through the mountains to San Miguel or el Bado, it is fifty miles. San Miguel is situated upon a small creek or river called Pecas river, which takes its rise within fifteen miles of Santa Fe, and after running six hundred miles falls into the Rio Grande.—About half way between Santa Fe and San Miguel, is the celebrated Pecas village, being of the same tribe that has been described, but claiming a more ancient origin. They have no records, but are governed by oral traditions.

They observe the Catholic faith, but strange to tell, they say they are waiting the return of their great King, who promised them that he would return in due season, and from time immemorial have they preserved the same fire that was burning upon his departure.—They describe him as their great King and Saviour, and they take it by turns in watching the fire, which is preserved in a deep well or cellar. The old and most decrepit are destined to the never-ending watch. In latter years great sickness prevailed among them, and the village went to decay in consequence. They became fearful that it was some visitation, and about the year 1839 or 1830, they moved to the West side of the Rio Grande to a small village called Jemas, about fifty miles from Santa Fe, where they carried the everlasting fire, to continue its ominous blaze through all time.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Wesley Woodworth, of Albany, and son of the Hon. Judge Woodworth, committed suicide in the New York Prison yesterday, while suffering under delirium tremens. He came to the police office the day before, and complained that he was followed by a host of persons who wanted to take his life, and consented to be locked up to escape them. He severed the arteries in his left arm with a common pen-knife, and bled to death. The deceased was about 35 or 40 years of age, and in his younger days he was reported to be one of the handsomest men in Albany.

On reading this paragraph, many painful reflections crowded upon my mind. The first impulse was, to say to my two little sons who were present, never be tempted to touch the intoxicating cup. Refuse it as you would the poison of death. It has withered the beauty of youth, destroyed the strength of manhood, agonized the hearts of parents, and consigned to an ignominious grave, countless throngs who might have been virtuous, useful and happy. But what guarantees can I have that my children will not be drawn into this vortex of destruction? Temptation assails them on every side. The cup of enchantment is offered them under the guise of friendship. The counsels of their father are ridiculed as fashioned scruples not to be heeded by young men of spirit and independence. Like others, they may listen to the seducive lure of the wicked, and fall under the blasting power of the ruthless destroyer. Mr. Woodworth a few years since was like my sons, the hope and joy of the domestic circle in which he was reared. His fond parents spared no pains in training him for a post of usefulness and honor. Money was freely expended in educations, and stations of influence and trust were within his reach. Who was it that enticed that promising youth into the paths of ruin? Who persuaded him to take the first wrong step which has issued into a death of shame? Whose is the guilt of piercing the heart of an aged mother with anguish which can never be soothed? Go, ye men, who are dealing out "liquid and distilled damnation" to that habitation rendered desolate by your grasping avarice. Go, and listen to the tale of sorrow as it is rehearsed from the bursting heart of that sorrow-stricken widow. Go, and witness the legitimate results of your LAWFUL BUSINESS. Go, I say, to that widow and you will hear truths which will make your ears tingle.

Permit me to remind you of another thing: the wrongs you are recklessly inflicting upon others, will at length fall with crushing weight upon yourselves. How many of "your craft" have found rum selling a profitable business in the long run? Examine the history of this class of men, and you will be startled at the blighting judgments of Heaven that have followed them. You will find that most of them ere long become bankrupt in property and character. Some of them die in almshouses, some in the gutter and others in prison. Many of their children are dissipated, and come to a dishonored grave. It is a dreadful business in which rum sellers are engaged. The miserable death of Woodworth is but one instance among thousands, exhibiting the bitter fruits of this execrable traffic. It has been not less truly than eloquently said, "intemperance is a sin that makes quick work for the grave, and has carried many thither before they have lived out half their days. It is the devil's rack, on which, while he has men, they will babble out every thing obscene and impious. It destroys a man's health, wealth and soul; murders soul and body at once!—it leads to scuffles, scurrilous language, blows, uncleanness, makes their tongues ramble, their heads giddy, bewitches them, and brings on them God's curse."

All this is proved by a thousand appalling facts. Are there then no means by which this tide of desolation can be stayed? Is there not energy and firmness enough in the community to rise and put out these fires of the pit! Must our children be cursed by this "plague spot," which is daily becoming more livid and contagious? Shall legislative enactments continue to sanction wrongs oppressive and overwhelming? Shall our sons, like the unhappy Woodworth, be snatched from our embrace and consigned to a grave of infamy? Have we not seen enough of the miseries and the woes of intemperance to bind us together in resolute and determined efforts to expel this ruthless destroyer from our land? Nothing short of a war of extermination will insure our safety. *Wine and fermented liquors*, as well as distilled spirits must be put under the ban of eternal proscription. Say what we may, there is safety in nothing short of this. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

AN IRISHMAN'S BELIEF.—A gentleman employing an Irishman, wished to know of what religion he was, and one day asked him—

"Well Paddy, my boy, what is your belief?"

"Is it my belief your honor?... Well, I owe Mistress Cromham five dollars for rent, and it's her belief I'll never pay her, and faith and that's my belief too!"

The Hagerstown Herald, blesses a *multiplication table* over the list of marriages. Quite appropriate.

Battle of Hohenlinden.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The Iser and the Inn as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart.—As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one elevated plain covered chiefly with a sombre, dark pine forest—crossed by two roads only—while the mere country paths that wind through it here and there, give no space to marching columns. Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the 1st of December, he was attacked and forced to retrace his steps, and take up his position on the farther side, at the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where one of the great roads debouched from the woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy.

The Austrians, in four massive columns plunged into this gloomy wilderness, designed to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden—the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side, made their way through amid the trees as they best could.

It was a stormy December morning when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snow storm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white unbroken surface. The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overheaded drooped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as the artillery wheels smote against their trunks. It was a strange spectacle, those long dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forest by themselves; while the falling snow, sifting over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the thread of the advancing hosts, while the rumbling of the artillery, and ammunition and baggage wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The centre column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind these were five hundred wagons—the whole closed up by the slowly moving cavalry. Thus marching, it came, about 9 o'clock, upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain, when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury, that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illumined with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Grandjean, and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep the immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground, and although the soldier could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they took aim at the flashes that issued from the wood, and thus the two armies fought.—The pine trees were cut in two like reeds by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrians columns, while the fresh fallen snow turned red with the flowing blood. In the mean time Richenpanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave general continued to advance, and with only three thousand men fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and saw the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Grouchy to charge on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, that broken column was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell the poet, stood in a tower, and gazed on the terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight composed, in part, that stirring ode which is known as far as the English language is spoken.

The depths of the dark forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight, but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowds of fugitives into the woods—the artillerymen cut their traces, and leaving their guns behind, mounted their horses and gallopped away—and that magnificient column, as sent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine trees again stood calm and silent in the wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction. A sufferer answering sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriages and wagons and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around.

GOOD ADVICE.—What if people do speak against you? Let them feel that you are able to bear it. What is there gained by stopping to correct every word that is whispered to your discredit? Lies will die if let alone; but if you repeat them to this one and another, because your enemies had the impudence to make them, you keep the fire burning, and open the way for a dozen slanderers. Keep on your course, go straight forward, and trouble not your head about what is repeated, but feel all the better, and wear a less frightful face. Slander never killed a sterling character, and it never will. Her coat will not set upon him, without a pull here, a jerk and a twist below, and while this work is going on the false words are forgotten by the multitude.

How TRUE.—A very eminent writer has said that although we seemed grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to arrive at honor, then to retire. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day; the politician would be content to lose three years of his life, could he place things in the posture that he fancies they will occupy after such a revolution of time; and the lover would be glad to strike out all the moments of existence, that are to pass away before the next meeting.

☞ A young lady, on visiting the Post Office to deliver a letter to her lover, unfortunately threw herself into the box, and did not discover her mistake until one of the clerks asked her if she was *single*!

☞ A healthy old gentleman was once asked by his king what physician and apothecary he made use of, to look so well at his time of life. "Sir" replied the old gentleman, "my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

From the Springfield [Mass.] Republican.

Farming.

COWS.—Nothing upon a farm is so valuable as a good cow. And it should be a constant effort with every true farmer to seek the best breeds and to feed in the best manner; for herein lies the soundest economy. Very much has already been accomplished for this important intetest; but much remains to be done. While we are strongly inclined to believe that no better cows can be found—we mean for milk—than selections from the natives, we feel quite sure that great advantage is also to be derived from the best importations, provided the mode of keeping be imported and understood also. For here is the real secret—the feeding and keeping of the animal. And strange as it may seem, nothing is more difficult than to ascertain this.

Of the imported breeds, we have the opinion that the Aryshires are to be preferred.—They are the best stock in Scotland, and are generally regarded in the same light throughout England. They are not so large or handsome as the Durham; but they are a hardier race; keep themselves in good condition, and are easily fatted. Mr. Phinney declares them to be, from his experience, greatly superior to the Durhams, for dairy properties. There have been numerous importations of the Ayrshire breed into our state; and the last year, a large importation was made by the state society.

To show what can be accomplished, and the manner of doing it, we refer to the famous case of the Cramp cow in England, of the Sussex breed. During her first year for milking she produced 540 lbs. of butter; the largest amount in a week was 15 lbs. In 47 weeks her milk amounted to 4,921 quarts. In her third year she produced 5782 quarts of milk and 675 lbs. of butter; the largest amount of butter in a week was 18 lbs. In her fifth year, her milk was 5,369 quarts, and her butter, 594 lbs. Largest quantity of butter in a week, 17 lbs.

The feeding of this cow was, in summer, clover, lucerné, rye, grass and carrots—at noon, four gallons of grains and two of bran mixed, in winter, hay, grains and bran, five or six times a day.

The famous Oakes cow, owned in Danvers in this state, may be mentioned also as very remarkable; she produced 19½ lbs. of butter in a week. In 1816 her butter was 484½ lbs. She was allowed 30 to 35 bushels of Indian meal a year; she had also potatoes and carrots at times.

A cow owned in Andover, in 1836, yielded $67 38 from the market, besides the supply of the family. The keeping was good pasture, the swill of the house and three pints of meal a day.

A cow owned by Thomas Hodges, in North Adams produced in 1840, 425 lbs. of butter. Her feed was one quart of rye meal and half a peck of potatoes daily, besides very good pasturing.

Putnam cow at Salem averaged for a year 12 quarts daily. In 1841, with two quarts of meal daily she averaged, in one month 18 quarts daily.

A cow owned by S. Henshaw, formerly of Chicopee Falls, gave 18 ¾ lbs. of butter a week, and in one case 21 lbs. This was a native without any mixture.

A cow in west Springfield is recorded as having given in 90 days 2.692½ lbs. of milk which is equal to 22½ quarts daily.

A cow owned by O. B. Morris, of Springfield, some weeks afforded 14 lbs. of butter, besides milk and cream for family. Her feed in winter was good hay, and from 2 to 4 quarts of rye bran at noon; in Summer, besides pasture, 4 quarts of rye bran at night, Judge remarks, in the account of his cows that "many cows, which have been considered as quite ordinary, might by kind and regular treatment, good and regular feeding and proper care in milking, rank among the first rate."

J. P. Cushion, of Waterton, has several native cows, which give 20 quarts a day.

Dr. Shurtleff, of Chelsea, owned a small cow which gave 21 quarts daily. The Hobart Clark cow at Andover, gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

A cow of W. Chase, Somerset, R. I., in 1831, gave most of the season 20 quarts of milk daily; averaged nearly 14 lbs. of butter during the season. The Hosmer cow at Bedford, Mass., gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

The foregoing lists consists of natives. We may also add that there is now in West Springfield, a cow owned by an excellent farmer, which has afforded 19½ lbs. of butter a week. But we are not informed whether this is an unmixed native or not. In the account which is on record of the famous Cramp cow in England, a remark is made deserving the notice of all milkers and farmers—"Milch cows are often spoiled for want of patience at the latter end of milking them."

The question has often been asked—what is the average produce of a cow in milk?—An experienced milk man in Essex county, says it is five beer quarts daily, when well fed; others say one gallon. It is said a cow requires two tons of hay in the season—and should have from one to two quarts of meal a day, and about a peck of vegetables. Soiling is well adapted for the cow; grass, oats and corn, cut green, furnish excellent food for this purpose. Carrots are invaluable through the season.

Our farmers would render a great service by furnishing at our annual fairs written statements of their own experience in the management and produce of their cows.—May they not be fairly called upon to do so?

WHAT THE FARMER WANTS.—Next to good crops, the farmer wants a market for them. He will sow, he will reap, he will labor in vain, if at the end of his toil he can find no price, no market, no vent, for his produce.—We now realize beyond a cavil or a doubt, says the Trenton Gazette, that England and Europe will not afford this market. With her ports almost free to whatever we please to send them, with but a moderate duty upon bread stuffs, with wants greatly enlarged by a deficiency in her own crops, we yet find England fairly gorged with our produce, and unable to consume the tenth part of what we have to spare. It is certain, therefore, that we cannot send it there. Some other outlet must be found for it—some other demand created. Home industry—the diversified and well paid labor of our own country—the increase of the class of consumers among ourselves—these only can supply the indispensable encouragement and support to agriculture.

THE IOWA dandies are said to go to meeting in a pair of pantaloons made of hemp and hop vine, a vest made of chesnuts, nests and paste, a shirt manufactured of milk weed and cotton, and to crown all, they wear wolf skin caps and go barefooted.

Political.

The Plainest kind of Talk.

The Ohio Statesman, the locofoco State paper at Columbus, handles Polk's veto on the River and Habor Bill after a fashion of which the following extracts will give some faint idea:

"The message in which the President supports his views is a shallow performance, vulgar in its language, ridiculous for its false logic, and paltry as the treatment of a thesis by some hair-splitting and wire-drawing schoolman of the middle ages, who thought himself a great man, because, like all small characters, he had mistaken cunning for wisdom. It is, however, quite worthy the man whose imbecility has been so unhappily displayed in his action on the Oregon question—first uttering boasts of the loudest kind, and then sneaking off to cover when the enemy's bay was faintly heard in the distance.—There is a remarkably similarity in the President's conduct on these two subjects. As he mouthed and raved about our "clear and unquestionable" right to the whole of Oregon, like unto one of Nat Lee's Bedlamite heroes; for we can only call it mouthing and raving, when the *bathos* of the treaty is known to us, however much it pleased us at the time of its utterance, because we believed it to be the warm language of earnestness and sincerity—so has he now vetoed a bill substantially recommended by himself, through the report of the Secretary of War. As the great *words* about Oregon were followed by the smallest possible *actions*, and were intended only to gull honest men, so was the course of the President on the subject of improving harbors and rivers favorable, only with the design of gaining votes for the new tariff bill, the administration not having faith enough to believe that one righteous measure could stand without practising a little falsehood on another. We most earnestly hope that the day is not coming when *every true democrat will have, in bitterness of heart, to ask God and man for having aided in elevating to power men who mistake treachery for good conduct, and paltry shifts for great statesmanship.*

Stick to the Party.

This is the cry of the Administration press. The Harrisburg Union admits that Pennsylvania has been grievously injured by the passage of McCay's Tariff; but then, it says, don't join the Whigs. "We are strong," it says. "Let us not be shorn of our strength." Oh no! save them the offices; and then they will bellow for the Tariff, to be sure in words, but will still be held to the National Administration which has wrought this wrong by the "cohesive power of public plunder."—"Let us wait patiently for a time," says the Carlisle Volunteer—"let our friends remain firm"—don't listen to the Whigs "whose only object is to undermine, and if possible destroy the organization of the Democratic party in this State." Such are the appeals made by these presses to the people whom they betrayed in 1844. Will the honest voters of the State consent again to be humbugged? They have tried the party—they have tried POLK and DALLAS; where is the Tariff of 1842? and where is the better Tariff man than Mr. CLAY? Are they not, as Mr Benton said, "cut for the simples" yet? Or was Senator Sevier, of Arkansas, who compared the free white laboring man to the black slave, right in saying that Pennsylvania would still vote for any thing called Democratic, let the Tariff go as it would? If the people of Pennsylvania can stand this, then indeed are their Southern task-masters and tormentors right, Her once proud American spirit is destroyed, and her fair fame and prosperity must sink together in ignorable graves.—*Penn. Republican*

THE TARIFF ON IRON.—There are those, says the Sunbury American, (locofoco) who know but little and care less about the operations of the tariff, who ask whether 30 per cent. is not enough on pig iron. Thirty per cent. on the present price, it is true, would be sufficient to enable our iron men to carry on their operations successfully. The present price of pig iron at Liverpool is about $20 per ton. Thirty per cent. duty would be $6.—Freight, commissions, &c., would bring the price up to about $30 per ton. It is the fluctuating, uncertain *ad valorem* principle we complain of. It diminishes the duty when it is necessary it should increase. For instance, 30 per cent. on the present price of iron in Liverpool is $6. But suppose the price should fall by some revulsion in the markets, (which has frequently been the case,) to $10 per ton, then 30 per cent. on the price would be $4—add, say four for freight, commissions, &c., would make it worth, at New York or Philadelphia $17 per ton. The prices would stop every furnace in Pennsylvania. But make the duty $6 specific, it would then remain permanent, and not be affected by the fall of prices in England.

HOW IT HELPS THE FARMER.—The Hanover Spectator of Wednesday gives a beautiful instance of the advantages to be derived by our farmers from the new British Tariff Bill. Mr. Mussleman, of Adams county, a few days ago, disposed of 2400 pounds of Wool, (the produce of 600 sheep,) to Mr. Samuel Diller, of that neighborhood, at twenty cents per pound, which, before the passage of McKay's bill, would easily have brought twenty-six cents. Mr. Mussleman thus realized a loss of $144. Our farmers are now beginning to *feel* that it is not true that "Polk is a *better* Tariff man than Mr. Clay?"

SHARP REPORT.—A lawyer, while arguing a point of law before a rather heavy Judge, not long since, was interrupted by the latter, with—

"I do not understand you, Mr. ——"

"I find it a great difficulty to make your honor understand any thing," was the quick reply of the counsel. His honor took snuff and looked over his minutes.

A letter received at Matamoras has the following direction: "To Johnny Mc——, army of occupation, Texas; General Taylor, this is from Johnny's wife; Johnny volunteered for his country, don't forget him."

☞ It is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear great to them.

☞ If you want knowledge, read the newspapers, not one but several, when business presses be diligent, when your wife scolds hold your tongue.